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matrimony, "such a wife would I desire"—and such a wife may'st thou possess. Araminta's husband fell sick of a very dangerous malady. "No hope," said the physician, and shook his awful wig. Bitterly wept Araminta. "Oh, Death! might I prefer a petition? Spare, oh spare my husband, and let me be the victim in his stead!"

Death, to her astonishment, straight appeared. "And what," cried the grim tyrant, "is thy request?" "There," said Araminta, trembling with fear and amazement, "there he lies, pierced with intolerable agony; he implores thy speedy relief—put him instantly out of his misery."



Engraved by Clayton.

Sketched by A. Nichol, Esq.

RUINS OF BALLAGH CHURCH.

The above interesting ruin lies at the foot of the Mourne mountains, near Newcastle. It is another of those picturesque objects of which we spoke in a former Number, in describing the bold and magnificent line of coast from Rostrevor to Tullymore Park, and to which we shall have occasion again to allude in some future article.

LOVER'S LEGENDS AND STORIES.

We'll had it been for Mr. Samuel Lover's fair fame had he rested satisfied with the success of his *first volume of Legends and Stories*. His *Second Series*, the work now before us, we pronounce a decided failure. The stories which Mr. Lover picked up through the country, and by the *viva voce* recitation of which he was in the habit of enlivening the social circle, there can be no question he has in his first volume transferred to *print* in an admirable manner. The stories in the present volume are altogether of another character or description, and, with a single exception, are any thing but good. In truth, Mr. Lover appears incapable of writing an original story: the Spanish Boar and the Irish Bull, an attempt at originality, is one of the most miserable things we have ever seen in print. The "Fairy Finder" is little more than another version of the "Leprawhaun," which appeared in the 91st Number of our Journal. Barney O'Reardon is certainly the best in the volume, and yet this, besides having appeared in the *University Magazine*, the curious reader will find (the perfect skeleton of it at least) in the last edition of "Joe Miller." "The Legend of the White Horse of the Feppers" is the second best, and from the extract we give of it, our readers may form their own opinion of the merits of the work.

In speaking of "Irish Story Tellers," we have more than once heard individuals institute a comparison relative to the merits of Carleton and Lover. It has ever been our decided and avowed opinion, an opinion which we consider fully borne out by the present volume and a volume just published by Carleton, that in this consists the difference between the "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry" by the latter, and the "Legends and Stories" of the former, that Carleton is no mere retailer of stories he has heard—he sketches from life, with the boldness and vigour of an original artist; while Lover can re-tell a story he himself has heard, but at the same time appears altogether deficient of the prime ingredient in an Irish story-teller—there is nothing whatever of originality in any of his sketches; wherever he has attempted this, the failure is at once apparent. Why he should have brought out the present volume unaccompanied by illustrations similar to those which carried off so many of his former series, we cannot imagine. The wood-cuts are excellent in their way, they are, however, but poor substitutes for the spirited outline sketches on copper with which the first volume was illustrated. In reference to remarks which we have observed in some Irish periodicals relative to the work being published in England, we think it only fair to state that it is within the compass of our own knowledge, that Mr. Lover was offered for the second series, by the Dublin publisher who purchased his first series, a sum much beyond what we feel quite convinced the book will ever produce; and while there can be no blame to Mr. Lover for making the most of his writings, we think it scarcely fair to blame the Irish publishers for not giving more for the copy-right than they might consider its real value.